

name's Agnes Matilda, an other's Jane Margaret, but they call 'em Aggie and Jennie. Mama says Mrs. Morrison takes awful good care of them; and M. Morison is out at work every day on that new house on Denmark street; mamma says they'll kill themselves working for 'em."

"His mother needn't talk about workin', Sister," came a shrill treble; "she's scrubbed all the pattern off the oil cloth in their kitchen!"

The little teacher went upstairs to her room again to find Thaddeus standing near the desk, looking up at the picture so intently that he did not notice her entrance.

"Well, dear, are you interested in my picture?"

"Yes, Sister," the lad replied, earnestly. "Will you please tell me what it means? Is that Our Lord?"

So Sister Angela sat down near the little fellow and told him the beautiful old story of the "Good Shepherd, who giveth His life for His sheep." She took pleasure in making her words gentle and tender, for she saw the depth of the earnestness and enthusiasm in those dark eyes, and knew that beyond them there was a young heart capable of great love, and one that at his early age had known great sorrow. Tears started to his eyes, and his lips quivered when the Sister repeated the words of our Lord: "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"That is like my mother," Thaddeus faltered, "she gave her life for me, Sister, didn't she? And father was a soldier and died for his country. God will help me to be good like them, won't He, Sister?"

The teacher scarcely knew how to reply to these simple, striking remarks. so she said: "Yes, dear," rather huskily.

They sat silent a few minutes; a bee buzzed and knocked against the window-pane and the clock ticked loudly; a few uncertain sounds came from the street outside; but Thaddeus remained motionless, gazing into space with the tears still wet on his cheeks.

Sister Angela cleared her throat.